knowledge of radio. She also always referred to the investigator as "the gentleman from Mosul," the farthest point of her geography. Without entering into extended discussion, it might be said here, in concluding the remarks on adult entertainment, that the educational level of the townspeople, excepting those who have attended school, is extremely low. One often offered persons of the lower class in Rowanduz and later in Egypt a small sum if they could name the first four caliphs, equivalent to asking an American or European Christian for the names of the first four books of the New Testament, and it was surprising how few were able to accomplish this seemingly easy feat. 871 [823]

If a man feels that he is approaching death, he often makes out his will in advance, a formality regulated by the government and arranged through the court of the judge. If a rich person has been unable to make the pilgrimage to Mecca during his lifetime, he usually sets aside a certain amount to be paid to someone who will make the journey in his name. Persons of great wealth or chieftains occasionally allot sums to be given to poor people who visit their graves and recite a prayer for them. When death takes place, all of the female relatives of the deceased and their friends gather at the house. "A certain old woman comes who sings in such a way that the people weep. This is Amina Hakim who is also the corpse-washer, mirdu shor, for the women. She earns her livelihood by serving in the houses of the rich, 763 [428] [788] [765] 764 767 [533]

764
[767]

cooking and baking, and is also a midwife." The women, squatting in the courtyard or before the house, smear their faces with dirt as a sign of grief. Then the corpse-washer, normally a barber, arrives with his assistants. Two tins of hot water are prepared, and the deceased is stretched naked on a board which serves as a bier. The corpse-washer first cleanses the areas under the arms and between the legs, and presses the abdomen to force out any excrement. With the second tin of hot water the whole body is washed, and the nails and hair of the deceased are trimmed. The corpse is then wrapped in a white winding sheet, usually containing a dozen or more square yards of material. Only the wealthy can afford coffins of wood, manufactured by the local carpenters, and most of the dead are interred without them.

A procession now takes place, leading from the house of the deceased to the mosque and then to the cemetery. "Everyone in the town, rich or poor, follows the bier, and the body is carried by many men, continually changing place so that each may receive the blessing of God for this pious act." The relatives and friends of the dead man walk directly behind the bier, and with them are the mullas or priests of the town. The procession halts before the great mosque, and one of the mullas customarily recites from the Quran and gives a brief eulogy of the deceased. Arriving at the graveyard above the town, there are further recitations and the body is buried. A curious

this prospered, I obtained a contract to furnish the army with fresh vegetables. I became thus a man of some wealth. 159 792 [443]

There was a man in Rowanduz who had great influence, Sayyid Hesnai Effendi Barzinani. He begged me to become mukhtar, representative of the people to the government. Shakir Effendi here knows of this. He advised me not to do it, because I did not have great wealth. I did not listen and the qaimmaqam posted an order which appointed me mukhtar of the town. I caught Sayyid Ra'uf and pushed him into a narrow street. "Now I am master of Rowanduz," I told him. Everyone came to visit me, however, and I had to give them free food and clothing. I lost my money, and had to sell my horse, my pistol, and most of my wardrobe. Finally, I had to give up being mukhtar and Ra'uf Effendi was given the post again. [622] [574]

After this, I became sanitary inspector for the Baladiya, the municipality. I asked the qaimmaqam to give me full authority, and Rowanduz was never so clean. I hired a man to shout in the streets that by order of Mustafa Aziz any person who was found throwing rubbish or dirty water in the streets or who neglected to sweep in front of his house or who sold food with dirt in it should be fined. The fine was five dinars, a large sum. I also ordered that those selling food or kitchenware should have their plates shine like silver. I gathered the butchers together and told them they must cover their meat with white gauze to keep off the flies. I secretly inspected the weights, and I found that many merchants were selling less than the proper measures. I covered the top of the stream which gives Rowanduz its water with barbed wire and forbade anyone to bathe in it. No person had the right to wash his feet or his dishes in it. When people saw me, they ran for miles. On my reports, the government collected 170 dinars from the people of Rowanduz, Kawlokan, and Dyana. My salary was not large, however, and no one appreciated what I was doing. People complained to the qaimmaqam about my fines and my orders, and I had to leave the post. [624] [687] [964]

Thus I left this job and went back to my old trade as a barber. You have seen my shop in the bazar and you know that I am the best barber in Rowanduz. I became a darwish and a khelifa (Arabic, "successor," presumably to the Prophet) by studying with some old men, and now I am a great teacher with students of my own. I teach them such things as cutting themselves without pain, piercing their limbs with skewers, and catching snakes. I make up poems and songs in Kurdish. My present duties are to prepare [305] [785] [767]

people for burial, to perform circumcision, to fire the gun for Ramadan, to play the tambourine, to assist at ceremonies of all sorts, and to help people. I can cure illnesses by my own medicines. I have now left everything in this world which is bad, and have started my prayers. 159 792 [767]

Sayyid Hesani, of whom Hajji Mustafa speaks above, was one of the most distinguished residents of Rowanduz, although not a native of the town. He died some years ago, and his house is still pointed out. Sayyid Hesani was not directly concerned in the feud between Nuri Dawil Agha and Isma'il Beg, although he was an adherent of the latter, but was closely bound up with Kurdish revolutionary activities. He was a writer, and operated the first Kurdish press in Iraq. The investigator possesses a postage stamp of the "Government of Southern Kurdistan," printed by Sayyid Hesani for the short-lived "state" of Shaykh Mahmud. Sayyid Hesani was engaged in a number of enterprises, some of them questionable from the government's point of view, and Hajji Mustafa, although he neglected to mention the fact, was one of his men. Hajji Mustafa also failed to relate how, during the second World War, he and several other adventurers procured police uniforms and levied customs duties from lorries going from Iran to Iraq at a point several miles in advance of the real customs station. The drivers were surprised to have to pay their tolls a second time and there was an investigation, but Hajji Mustafa escaped indictment. This exceptional man, who, in the course of his life, had been a barber, government employee, highwayman, itinerant trader, merchant, mukhtar, muleteer, owner of a tea-shop, 159 [628] [669] [205] [579] [651] 159 463